

Shakespeariana

VOL. V.

SEPTEMBER, 1888.

NO. LVII.

THE GHOST IN HAMLET.



CHAPTER on the ghost in *Hamlet* might be made as brief as the celebrated chapter on snakes in Iceland. There is no ghost in *Hamlet*. Out of deference to a popular prejudice that there is a ghost in *Hamlet* it is perhaps necessary for one holding the reverse to furnish "under compulsion" of the weight of such prejudice, a few of the reasons which are "as plenty as blackberries" why there is no such ghost.

Shakespeare, at most, presents a materialized belief in ghosts. If ghostly counsel plays any part as an agency in the action of the drama it is only such part as a subjective belief in such external phenomenon may play as cause, or occasion, of human action.

If Brown should tell Jones that Western Union stocks will fall to ten cents to-morrow, it will require an extraordinary stretch of confidence in Brown's financial wisdom to induce Jones to sacrifice such stocks in fear of such catastrophe; but that confidence is possible. If a spiritistic medium, of whose financial ability in the affairs of this world or in futures, Jones knows nothing at all, should utter the same prophecy to Jones, a spiritist devotee, it is easily conceivable that his superstitious belief might move him to great loss. The cause of human action, in the one case, is natural and human; in the other, it is belief in the supernatural, yet altogether natural. It differs from the first case, only, in that the cause in the one is objective and external, in the latter it is subjective. Just such element of mere belief in

the supernatural, and no supernatural force at all, Shakespeare uses in *Macbeth* and in *Hamlet*. And now of the ghost.

This uncanny apparition, wet with the dews of the midnight hour and clad in complete steel, appears in the dank sea-mists upon the wharf, in a chilly Denmark summer night, to Bernardo and Marcellus, two of the royal watch. As if to emphasize its reality—if one may say reality of a ghost—as a veritable spectre, it appears to them and to skeptical Horatio and beguiles the doubter of belief. It speaks no word to any of these. Hamlet is advised of the mysterious visitor and it appears to him, to Marcellus, and to Horatio, as if the artist would thoroughly verify his supernatural agency, as, at this point, he is clearly most anxious to do. Hamlet is led apart and to him it unfolds the manner of his father's death. But, unessential details excepted, it tells Hamlet nothing he had not already in mind; for he exclaims, "Oh my prophetic soul, mine uncle!"

To the watch, burdened with no private grief and able to think—as the unbusy busybodies are always able to do—of the public, it chimes in with the martial preparation they see going on, and bodes war, troublous times and evil to the state, as—

In the most high and palmy state of Rome,
A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,
The graves stood tenantless and the sheeted dead
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets.

It comes to them, as the supernatural comes to every man, freighted with news of, or suggesting thought or sentiment about what he has in mind.

With Hamlet it falls apt with his "inky cloak and customary suit of solemn black," the "dejected 'haviour of the visage" and his brooding upon his father's death and his mother's hasty, incestuous marriage. Hamlet was as much the melancholy Dane, as much the brooding and suspecting Hamlet, in the scene in which he first appears, as after the meeting with the ghost. This is made clear in his first appearance because Shakespeare was using merely a belief in ghosts and not a ghost.

The spectre puts no new thought into Hamlet's mind; it imbues

his soul with no new sentiment ; it fills his breast with no suspicions that were not already rife within him. This appears from his words at the close of the second act, where his mind forsakes the ghostly aid, and he reverts to his own original suspicions and says, "the play's the thing wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king." The ghost does not even give to suspicions already in mind a working basis of action in new impartment of fact or detail, for he must have "grounds more relative than this."

Presenting this element of a belief in the supernatural, Shakespeare thoroughly verifies his ghost for obvious reasons—to heighten the effect. In the manner of doing this he had warrant, as he always has, in actual life. None who is familiar with the phenomena of spiritism and other phases of superstition will fail to recall from the literature of the subject abundant instances of equally well substantiated ghosts and spirits, attested by men of good judgment in ordinary affairs and often by many witnesses.

For the purpose of effective stage presentation an actual appearance must be made with spoken words. Audiences catch the niceties of art with far greater ease than they do such an obscured leading point as a ghost, speaking unseen, would be. Shakespeare materializes not only superstitious beliefs, but inner thoughts and even the most delicate sentiments. A fine instance is the materialization in words of Macbeth's secret, vague, and conflicting thoughts and sentiments in the dagger scene, in such speech as no man ever spoke or ever will speak just within the vestibule of the temple of murder ; and yet we recognize this as poetically and philosophically correct as a portraiture of what passes within.

The opinion that the ghost is merely a materialization of superstitious belief is strengthened by the second appearance of the spectre. In the first quarto the stage directions are, "Enter ghost in his nightgown." It is now merely, "Enter ghost." Hamlet exclaims of him, "My father in his habit as he lived!" Thus the ghost not only appears to the watch, according to their thoughts, to Hamlet according to his dark broodings, and to every man in his mood, but it shapes itself with respect to mere externals, with a suspicious fitness to time

and place—in armor upon the beat of the watch, and in the nightgown of a retiring king, in the queen's chamber. It appears in form as the surroundings dispose the witness to expect it to appear. It is thus in all respects portrayed as a ghost of the mind, "a false creation of the heat-oppressed brain."

It appears in the chamber when Hamlet's brain is hot with passion, the fury of a recent murder, and wild words of rebuke to the queen-mother. Its entrance is not for the purpose of telling him anything new, or of giving him any word of counsel that seems to be necessary. It is only to reinstate the waning supernatural and again to chime in perfect accord with Hamlet's state of mind and emotions for the moment. Passion has whetted Hamlet's almost blunted purpose and hence to his disordered brain the ghost takes shape and whets his almost blunted purpose. It is a subjective ghost colored according to the hue of his mind. It is not without design that it appears this time only to the one superheated brain. The queen sees "nothing at all, and yet, all that is, I see."

One may ask, How then could Hamlet frame the play to catch the conscience of the king? Easily. Of course it was well known in Denmark that the king died while sleeping in his orchard. Hamlet's uncle had given this much out. "Sleeping in mine orchard," the ghost tells us, "'tis given out a serpent stung me." Thus is "the whole ear of Denmark rankly abused with a forged process of my death." That Hamlet suspected foul play and felt bitterly the marriage of his mother is made equally clear. Whatever suggestive thoughts and apt invention may have come to his superheated brain—as such thoughts do come in such moments—when he believed that he was face to face with his father's ghost, he knew enough already of his father's death to have framed that scene of a murder in a garden. His wits were sharpened by suspicion; they were further whetted by preparation for seeing his father's ghost, and his mind, already, before the ghostly meeting, had connected thought, suspicions, and grief, and the expected apparition together in apt conjunction favorable to engendering shrewd device.

When he thinks he has heard from the ghostly lips of his dead

father the very thoughts re-echoed, which he has in mind, it is easy enough, after a little further reflection upon ways and means, to catch the conscience of the king with something just like enough to his father's death to strike a guilty soul with terror. It must also be remembered that the king was in a frame of mind to overlook any defect of detail, so long as there was the merest semblance of his crime presented. Just when Hamlet, however, is making preparations to catch the conscience of the king he is doubting whether he has seen a ghost or some adumbration of the lower world.

And now of Hamlet's belief in the ghost. It has been suggested that, perhaps Shakespeare blundered in making Hamlet say in Scene I, Act III—

—Who would fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death,
The undiscover'd country from whose bourne,
No traveller returns, puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of?—

just when he is wrestling with a duty laid upon him by a communication delivered by a traveller returned from that very undiscovered country. Aside from the fact that the ghostly visitor had not crossed the bourne of that country from whence no traveller returns, but had only imperfectly communicated across the boundary line with one yet on the hither side of that gulf that is passable only in one direction, there is a profounder reason for the apparent inconsistency.

Every language contains expressions embodying this idea of an impassable boundary which Shakespeare has so beautifully expressed. There is nothing less disputable than the existence of a sort of dual state of belief and unbelief concerning the supernatural. Common sense, the faculty which perceives and recognizes the real upon the evidence of the senses, accepts only the real and the natural. But there is a guide, perhaps as trustworthy within its own sphere, upon the spirit side of man, under whose influence he is continually indulging a vague belief in something that transcends the real and the natural. The protean shapes of that belief we call, generally, the supernatural. The human mind hovers ever between the two.

Concerning the actual and present, except in moments of almost insane passion, the mind of man allows no thought of any ghostly agency. As to that which lies in the remote, in time or space, or concerns only others, it may indulge a vague belief in that which transcends the natural. Shakespeare's problem was to secure the weird charm of the supernatural suggestions of the human spirit without shocking the common sense with an actual supernatural power brought too near and exerted in violation of the common experience of men and the evidence of the senses.

The great dramatist divined these occult subtleties of the human mind and soul—the consistencies, inconsistencies, and contradictions. It is easy to see then how his Hamlet,—without troubling his brain with refinements as to whether one returned from ghostland, or one merely speaking across the border, bore to him a terrible message,—should at one time, under the domination of a fearful passion, accept the spectre as the veritable ghost of his father, laying upon his trembling shoulders an awful duty; and, at another time, thinking only of himself and of escape from the burden of duty, and meditating suicide, should think, of himself, and with all mankind, if I go to that country I shall never return.

I have presented this because it bears, side-light-wise, directly upon Hamlet's belief; and now of that.

Hamlet, at first, believed implicitly in the ghost as the very shade of his dead father. The message accorded exactly with his own suspicions and with his own knowledge of his father's death as such messages must always do. Under the guidance of returning calmness he begins to doubt concerning the character of the apparition he has seen and whether he has, or can obtain, sufficient proof of the crime he suspects to form a reasonable basis of action. The treacherous evidence of his senses still leaves him believing that he has seen something out of the ordinary. It may be the devil, he says of the ghost; and, of the proof, he adds, "I'll have grounds more relative than this,"—

—The spirit that I have ever seen
May be a devil: and the devil hath power
To assume a pleasing shape; yea, and perhaps,

Out of my weakness and my melancholy,
As he is very potent with such spirits,
Abuses me to damn me : I'll have grounds
More relative than this : The play's the thing,
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king.

After the sub-play he falls again under the influence of the passion engendered by that terrible disclosure of guilt and fear, and returns to his original confidence in the ghost—"I'll take the ghost's word for a thousand pound." Under the sway of his terrific outburst of passion in the queen's chamber his whirling brain conjures the ghost again; but this time, the artist, intending now to be rid of a supernatural that has played its part, and entwined its subtle influence with every fibre of the play, allows it to appear only to Hamlet.

As if his senses had been burned clear in this bath of hot passion, Hamlet never again alludes to the ghost of his father. In the graveyard scene, and in two subsequent interviews, in which he is alone with his confidential friend, Horatio, and their talk is about the subject-matter of the ghostly message there is not one word about the ghost. There is not the remotest allusion to it in the fourth and fifth acts. Hence, on, the drama works itself out according to natural laws, with only such supernatural glamour as lingers, reflected from the two former visitations. The supernatural element has been projected, strong and thoroughly accredited at first, to fall into a thing visible only to Hamlet in the second appearance, and in the last two acts to fail of even a word from anybody.

Shakespeare clearly intended to secure for the drama the highest possible effect that could be got from the universal vague belief in some sort of supernatural; and to do this consistently with strict observance of the general law of common sense which will not endure before the very eyes, the operation of such forces, producing effects unnatural and impossible to man unaided by supernatural power. Hence he allowed no effect in the drama, requiring the interposition of such agency; and, hence, when he had accomplished his purpose, and secured for the drama such investment of belief in the supernatural as we find to be a potent fact in the human life of all ages, he allows the ghost to drop out of sight, thought, and speech. This

appears at a time when the fact of the murder and his duty are most potent with Hamlet. Had his belief in the appearance of his father's spirit remained, he must have spoken of the ghost to his confidential friend upon the three occasions that offered.

Grown calmer and more determined in despair, and yet under the steady influence of dangers just escaped and those which still environ his path, the awful duty laid upon him has incorporated itself with every fibre of his being: but he has also grown more calmly and keenly philosophical. This appears in every sentence he utters in the third and fourth acts. His sad, despairing, calm, and philosophical, but determined spirit, hesitating now only as to means and no longer as to the end, has lost all thought of the spirit of the "dear murdered." Restless although resigned conscious of his destiny, under a fearful presentiment, nearing the end, "the sunset of life gives him mystical lore."—

"We defy augury: there's a special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come: the readiness is all: since no man, of aught he leaves, knows, what is't to leave betimes. Let be."

For belief in a ghost has been substituted speculation, keen and clear, concerning being, here and yonder. Generalization in the acutest philosophical vein has taken the place of concrete observance of ghosts. If Hamlet does not believe enough in the ghost of a dear father murdered to give it respectful mention in the last two acts, who shall?

Shakespeare presents but a semblance of a ghost—a mere materialization of a vague human belief—in *Hamlet* and no real presence of any supernatural visitant. As in *Macbeth* he makes the seeming supernatural of great apparent consequence, when it is actually of small import as a dramatic factor, productive of action. It is of great poetic moment in casting over the entire drama the same weird mystery and poetical supernatural that haunts life with fearful but delicious horror.

H. M. DOAK.

SHAKESPEARE IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

FEW libraries in England possess a good Shakespearian collection. Birmingham, alone in close vicinity to Stratford-on-Avon, conceived the happy idea of erecting a monument to the great dramatist, by collecting a library of all the publications in all languages relating to Shakespeare. This library grew in ten years into a famous collection, and was far superior to any in England, when unfortunately it was destroyed by fire on the 11th of January, 1879. In one particular it could, of course, not vie with the British Museum; it possessed none of the priceless little quartos nor the folios that are in the National collection, but it surpassed it in the foreign departments. After the burning of the Birmingham Shakespeare Library, the head of the Printed Book Department of the British Museum, Mr. George Bullen, determined to complete, as far as it is possible, the foreign section. It has been steadily going on for some years, and the result is that now the British Museum has the finest Shakespearian library in the world. First and foremost come the quartos, of which it possesses all. It has all the folios, the celebrated octavo editions, and commentaries in abundance, but it also offers to the student the following:—

I. *German Literature*.—Among Shakespearian scholars it is well known that next to England itself, the Germans have had the greatest share in raising Shakespeare to the very highest position in the world of dramatic art. It was through their critical writings that he has been pronounced the greatest dramatic poet of our modern life. It was in the middle of the last century that Herder, Wieland, Lessing, Goethe and Schiller began to draw the attention of the world to this great poet. Lessing, in particular, pointed him out in his critical writings as a great genius, as the modern rival of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, as the master mind of modern dramatic art. Wieland undertook the first translation (1762). Eschenburg followed him

(1775), but his translation was full of errors, and Eckert reprinted the version with more than a thousand corrected passages. This Gabriel Eckert was an excellent English scholar; it is surprising to see how intimately he was acquainted with Shakespearian English, and how correctly he translated it into German. But scanty acknowledgment has Eckert even received even in Germany; for, although Schlegel and Tieck have undoubtedly used his edition and corrections very freely, he is rarely mentioned by them, and to his thousand corrections scarcely the praise that is due to him has been given by the German critics.

The British Museum possesses now every translation that has been published in Germany from 1762 to our day. These numerous translations are of very great interest to the German scholar, for the Germans have absolutely learned how to translate into their own language, by an untiring perseverance and labor in translating Shakespeare, until they have now a version, edited and published by the Shakespeare Society under Dr. Ulrici, who took Schlegel and Tieck's version (in itself a great masterpiece), and had each play scrupulously translated and corrected by a different author.

The works written in German on Shakespeare, æsthetical, critical, and historical, are many thousands. Goethe wrote in the beginning of the century an article, "Shakespeare und kein Ende," and yet very little, comparatively speaking, was really at that time written on Shakespeare in Germany in comparison with the last forty years; for German Shakespearian writing is in itself a vast library, ever increasing, never ending.

It can of course scarcely be said that the British Museum has all that has ever been written in Germany on the poet, for many a tract, many a valuable pamphlet, many a book has become so scarce, that only time and constant watchfulness will complete this section, but so much can be maintained that it possesses even now a collection of German Shakespeariana, which is unrivalled even by German libraries themselves. If German writers are desirous of consulting the most perfect collection of German books on Shakespeare, they have to come to London to do so. The Deutsche Shakespeare Gesellschaft is form-

ing a library, but to judge by their catalogue, it contains not a fiftieth part of the British Museum collection.

II. *French*.—The French looked upon Shakespeare for a long time as inferior to Molière, Racine, and Corneille, but they have at last acknowledged their error, and their numerous translations show that the esteem of Shakespeare has been steadily growing and his merits are now universally acknowledged. The knowledge of Shakespeare in France really only begins with Voltaire. It was during his two years of exile in London (1726-28) that he wrote his *Lettres sur les Anglais*, in which he spoke more especially of Shakespeare. La Place was the first who translated some pieces of Shakespeare, in 1745-48, followed by Le Tourneur, Guizot, Nisard, F. Michel, Laroche, and Montegut. The translations are numerous and the last by Victor Hugo fils, is a very superior one. The British Museum has many French translations from Le Tourneur in 1776 to François Victor Hugo, and a good collection of French books on Shakespeare. But as most of the best articles on the English dramatist, written in the last 150 years, are scattered about in periodicals, it is very difficult for the Shakespearian scholars to find them, if it be not altogether impossible for them to do so. The rule of the Museum is severe in rejecting and collecting separate articles, but they might with advantage to the scholar make an exception to this rule with regard to Shakespeare. The Birmingham Shakespeare Library has in this respect, a great advantage over the Museum, for it collects every article in reviews, periodicals, and newspapers, which it catalogues for immediate reference by the scholar in search of Shakespearian studies. This gives a distinct and valuable character to their library.

III. *Italian*.—The Italians began to translate our dramatist as early as 1774, at which time *Hamlet* appeared after the French version of Ducis, at Venice; since that time the translations have been numerous. M. Leoni, Carlo Rusconi, Giulio Carcano, and recently Pasqualigo, are the best. Essays and commentaries on Shakespeare by Italian writers are numerous, and the Museum Library is well stocked with these.

IV. *Spanish*.—Moratin translated *Hamlet* in 1795 at Madrid, but

very little was done for Shakespeare in Spain for many a year. Strange to say, two Spanish translators have English names. James Clark published an edition in 5 vols., and Guil. Macpherson has rendered several pieces of Shakespeare. The best translation however is by Velasco y Rojas. The literature is still small, but almost complete in the Museum.

V. *Portuguese*.—The Portuguese translations are of recent date; we know of none before Lius. Aug. Rebello, who translated *Othello* in 1856, but since that time Bulhas Pato has rendered several dramas, including *Romeo and Juliet* and *Hamlet*. Shakespeare has the high distinction of having been translated by a king, who has published *Hamlet*, *Richard III*, and the *Merchant of Venice*. In the whole range of modern instances there is no other case known where a king has translated into his language the works of a dramatist.

VI. *Danish*.—The Danes began to translate Shakespeare in 1790 and since that day their best translators have been Foersom, Lembke, Beyer, Boye, Oehlenschläger. The best edition they have published is by Lembke, in 18 vols., 1879.

VII. *Swedish*.—The first Swedish translation of Shakespeare was made in 1813, *Macbeth* öfversatta af E. G. Geijer. A translator who has for many a year occupied himself with our dramatist is Schentz, but the entire works were published by C. A. Hagberg, in 12 vols., a second edition of which appeared in 1879. The literature on Shakespeare in Swedish is not large, and the British Museum has it almost complete.

VIII. *Dutch*.—The first Dutch translation dates back as far as 1778. It was a collected translation by many hands, and appeared in 5 vols. The Dutch have distinguished themselves by being very industrious in translating and editing the works of Shakespeare, and their writers have contributed many a valuable article to Shakespearian literature. The best edition they now have is by A. S. Kok, in 7 vols., 1880. An interesting account of their numerous writings on our dramatist was published by Arnold, under the title *Shakespeare-Bibliography in the Netherlands*, 1879. Even in two of their dialects translations have been done, namely, in—

IX. *Frisian*.—*The Merchant of Venice* and *As You Like It*, by Posthumus, published respectively in 1829 and 1872.

X. *Flemish*.—M. Sleecks has translated the Tales after Shakespeare.

XI. *Bohemian*.—The Czechs have produced the complete works of Shakespeare in 9 vols., chiefly translated by Doucha, Kolar, Celakovsky, Maly, and Malého.

XII. *Hungarian*.—It is a very surprising fact, that on none of the Continental nations has Shakespeare made so deep an impression, the Germans excepted, as on the Hungarians. They received their first impression of the great English dramatist from the stage, and their *itterati* occupied themselves afterwards with the poet in their studies. The Magyars, as is well known, regained their language only very recently, for until 1830 the Latin language was used in Hungary in all the State documents, and it was not until the year 1836 that the Government Acts were published in the Magyar tongue. Shakespeare translations occur, however, in Hungary as early as 1786, when the first translation of *Romeo and Juliet* by Kún Szabó Tándor, appeared at Pressburg in the Hungarian language. *Hamlet* translated by Kazinczy, came out in 1790, and it was about this time that the first travelling troop of actors appeared at Pesth. They intended to begin their representations with *Hamlet* but had to relinquish the idea owing to the insufficiency of actors; it was, however, soon brought upon the stage, and Kazinczy's translation has been acted for nearly fifty years. The National Theatre at Pesth was established in 1834, and from thence dates a very interesting activity in translating and transplanting Shakespeare into Hungarian. The result was that a translation of most of the pieces appeared in 1847 by Vörösmarty and Petöfi; but a complete edition was not published until Szász Károly and Greguss Agost succeeded in doing so. It is both interesting and remarkable to us how the introduction of Shakespeare became the rallying point of their fight for the national language, and how his words helped them to win their battles and successes. It was in the year of the Revolution in 1848; their clever and enthusiastic poet, Petöfi, was in the midst of the fight, but, alas, he disappeared, without leaving any discoverable trace of him. Just as the Puritans of

old fought with the Bible in their hands for national religion, so the Hungarian people fought with their Shakespeare in their hands for their national language and freedom, with the war cry—*Shakespeare nálunk* (Shakespeare with us). Their Bishop, Hiavyath Rónay, a fugitive of the Hungarian Revolution, lived for some time in London and wrote "Shakespearian Studies," which he published in twelve articles in the Hungarian paper *Reform*. This Bishop Rónay was afterwards the tutor of the Imperial Grand Duchess Valerie, the youngest daughter of the Emperor. *Shakespeare Minden Munkai*, that is, his Complete Works, have been published in Pesth, in 19 volumes (1878), of which the Hungarians are very proud. It is strange that, although the Hungarians almost worship Shakespeare, there is no library in Pesth which can show a complete collection of their translations; and if the Hungarian patriot wishes to consult the "*Prophet*," he must come to his shrine in the British Museum, when his heart will leap with joy to see how carefully the Library has collected the translations, and how mindful it has been to preserve an account of their political aspirations.

XIII. *Serbian*.—The Serbians have translated *Romeo and Juliet* and *Julius Cæsar*.

XIV. *Roumenian*.—*Hamlet* and *Julius Cæsar* have appeared in the Roumenian language.

XV. *Wallachian*.—The Wallachians have published translations of *Macbeth* and *Romeo and Juliet*. It is surprising that Shakespeare should have been translated into these Slavonic dialects, but it becomes a still more remarkable coincidence that the degree of civilisation and culture is shown by the number of pieces of Shakespeare translated into strange languages and even dialects. We find that if an entire edition of the dramas of Shakespeare has been translated in a foreign tongue, that nation is certain to possess civilisation, culture, and often freedom. Shakespeare speaks first to the heart of nations, and the result is that *Romeo and Juliet* is first translated; the second appeal is to freedom, the relief from tyranny and oppression, and *Julius Cæsar* follows as a matter of course.

XVI. *Croatian*.—*Julius Cæsar*, 1860 and *Romeo and Juliet*, 1883.

XVII. *Wendish*.—The Wends translated *Hamlet* and *Timon of Athens*, 1875; and "Some of Shakespeare's Sonnets" 1875.

XVIII. *Greek*.—The Greeks began to translate *Hamlet* in 1858, and they are now publishing the entire works in a very praiseworthy translation by *Bikela*, 5 vols. of which have already appeared.

XIX. *Polish*.—Although the nationality of the Poles is gone, they still exist and live in their literature, and they have deeply interested themselves in Shakespeare, their only sheet anchor in their misfortune; their translation of the great dramatist is a kind of dying sigh of their lost freedom and existence. They began as early as 1821 to translate, and their last edition, in 3 vols., 1875-1877, by Kózmiana, testifies that they have many ardent admirers of Shakespeare, such as Komierowski, Kefalinski, Dycalp, and Ostrowski.

XX. *Russian*.—Russia stands at the head of the Slavonic nations, and can boast of two complete translations of Shakespeare; one by Ketscher, 6 vols., 1862, and the latest by Gerbel, the third edition of which appeared in 1880. Indeed Russian translations and articles on Shakespeare's literature stand higher in the scale than any after the Italians; and it is remarkable that translations have even been made into Russian dialects.

XXI. *Finnish*.—The Finns have translated *Romeo and Juliet*, *The Merchant of Venice*, *Hamlet*, and *Julius Cæsar*, by Cajander; and *Macbeth*, by Charles Slöör as early as 1864, and

XXII. A *Ukraine* translation is now being made by Kulisz, of which the first volume was published in 1882.

XXIII. *Icelandic*.—The far distant island in the north is not behind in civilisation and culture, for their presses have furnished four of Shakespeare's plays translated into Icelandic—*Hamlet*, *Othello*, and *Macbeth*, translated by M. Jochumsson, a very able scholar, and *King Lear*, by Thorsteinsson.

XXIV. *Indian*.—Even India and the far East are by degrees educating themselves up to European manners and ideas through the noble genius of Shakespeare. There are two Bengalee translations of *The Merchant of Venice* and *Romeo and Juliet*, and a Chinese translation is said to be in hand by one of the Secretaries of the Chinese


Embassy. Thus the whole world begins to group round this mighty mind the representative of European feeling, thought, and freedom.

It has not been my intention to speak of the genius of Shakespeare; it is here unnecessary. All the nations and tongues of Europe have shown their estimate and their admiration of him; but it is a singular coincidence that the greatest nation that has ever lived in the world (and this is beginning to be acknowledged in Europe) should also have produced the greatest dramatic poet since antiquity. We admire with astonishment the grandeur of the ancient dramatists, but the life they picture is remote, their thoughts unlike ours; in Shakespeare we have the being, the individuality of modern times, of ourselves. He is so human, so full of individual and national freedom of action and thought, that every nationality in Europe has endeavoured to introduce his thought, his feeling and his poetry into its own tongue.

The British Museum has collected these thousands of volumes from all the nations of Europe, and if anyone wishes to know what has been written on Shakespeare in his own land, he will find its translations, criticisms, essays, etc., collected in the great library of the English nation; these form, so to say, the pedestal of the Shakespeare Monument, and whilst all the nations of Europe are thus honoring England's greatest genius, the British Museum, as the national depository, testifies that it values the labors and assistance of Europe in raising an imperishable Memorial to Shakespeare.

FRANZ THIMM, *the Library Chronicle*, London.

MISPRINTS IN HAMLET.

AVING brought together some of the differences in the earlier editions of *Romeo and Juliet*, it will be well, in order to understand the *tohu-bohu* state of the text of Shakespeare, to bring together certain of the cohesions of readings of the tragedy of *Hamlet*. The editions preceding the folio, which is derived from an independent source, are dated 1603 (the sketch), 1604, 1605, and 1611, the last two being mere reprints of 1604, each consisting of 99 pages; the sketch of 63. The folio is shorter than the quartos, probably from the extreme length of the play having rendered curtailment necessary for the purposes of representation. When long passages are omitted, it may be taken to be the work of somebody connected with the theatre; where lines are left out, it has probably been occasioned by the negligence of the scribe. Such omissions seem to be common to all old manuscripts. As the folio is considerably shorter than the quartos, it may be assumed that it was obtained from a prompter's copy which escaped destruction in the fire, as it is impossible to suppose that the proprietors would wilfully destroy Shakespeare's matter.

According to Isaac D'Israeli, the complaints of authors of this time were loud and general as to the inaccuracies in the printing of their works. It is probable that no *sequent* editions of books were ever issued from the press which are so foul as these early reprints of Shakespeare; and, in this regard, it will be well to keep in mind that the men who were employed in the issue of the quartos were of the same class, if not in many cases the same men, as those concerned in the issue of the folio.

The following mistakes are mostly of a kind that no author could possibly pass in his own writings (it may be considered that the improbability of this increases with their number in a geometrical ratio), and show that Shakespeare could not have intervened in the

printing of his plays (the last of these editions having been issued shortly before his retirement from his profession). Some of the blunders are in four editions, and are shown in these first examples:—

Deuote me truly (fol. denote); *sallied* flesh (fol. solid); *tenable* in your silence (fol. treble: this word is a mere intensative); new hatcht unfledgd courage (fol. *unhatcht*—comrade); pety *artire*, petty *arture*, *artyre*.

The following are in the three full quartos:—

Dilated articles (related 1603, fol. dilated); *seale* slaughter; *wary* state; *distilled* almost to jelly (fol. bestilled); virtue of his *will* (fol. feate, suite); *safety* and health (fol. sanctity, sanity); particular act and *place* (fol. *sect* and force); lender *boy* (be); for *loue* oft looses (fol. lone); the time invests (fol. invites); *wrong* it thus (fol. roaming); *somnet* of the cleefe; fearful *porpentine*; so *but* though to a radiant angle linekt (fol. lust); will *sort* (fol. sates first quarto *fate*); doth *posse* (fol. posset); *unanveld* (fol. *unnaneld*); *swiftly* up (fol. stiffly); fetch of *wit* (fol. warrant); I cannot *dream*e of (fol. deeme); I *prescripts* gave (fol. precepts); reason and *sanctity* (fol. sanitie); I would *not* more willingly; in Fortunes *lap* (fol. cap); *friendly* faulkners (fol. French, also in first quarto) *lords* murther (fol. vilde); *stallyon* (fol. scullion); *lowliness* (fol. lonelinesse); great *pitch* and moment (fol. pith); *list* (fol. lispe); *comedled* (pie-word, fol. co-min-gled); *mistake* husbands (also in folio; first quarto, you must take your); *considerat* season (fol. confederate: occasioned by mistaking long *s* for *f*); *base* and *silly* (fol. hyre and sallery); see the *most* part of you (fol. *inmost*); and *greeued* spots (fol. and *grained*; engrained, as the: blood of murder is popularly said to leave); *leave* the purer (fol. live misheard); *Keepes* them like an *apple* in the corner of his jaw (fol. *ape*: both are impossible: in the first quarto it is: "For hee doth keep you as an ape does nuttes"); *yawne* at it (fol. ayme); when *you are* desirous to be blest Ile blessing begge of you. (This is nonsense, It should be "I am." Hamlet is desirous to be blest, he will beg a blessing of his mother. This is the usual course); she is so *concliu*e (pie-word); *can* well on horsebacke (fol. ran); so *offended* (fol. se offendendo); or *all* (fol. argall); as *sir* (as-es); to [] my name vngor'd (fol. to keep my name *ungorg'd*); drawe no more (fol. on).

The following happen twice:—

Coold mother (*could smother*, 1611 (fol. good mother); euacuat (pie-word, inoculate); as the king at his voyage (fol. *checking*; quarto 1611 liking not); *low'd arm'd* (quarto 1611 *arnes*, fol. loud a winde). Those who desire to learn how writing gets misinterpreted should examine this last closely.

The following happen *once* in the various editions:—

Ke you—ceasen—burst their ceremonies—Plato too light—invelmorable—frikes—dreames his draughts—beckles ore his bace—the martin to be neere—back't and imparched in calagulate gore—threatning (treading) the flames—our . . . demises still are—tha r strong—will drink up vessels—to take geulles—inobled queen (3)—then perfume left—with their corporall (with th' incorporall)—politician (pelican)—arm'd (aim'd) them—sixteene (sexton)—French but—he hath one twelve for mine—mine (manie) more. These errors may not appear so important in themselves as in showing how the multitude of blunders which exist in modern texts have originated. That the quarto of 1604 should be so foul is bad enough; but that the two reprints should reproduce all these blunders is perfectly astounding. If the inquirer with a dry point will go over some of the erroneous words with the correct words he will see how errors are made and will also appreciate the importance of using the old spelling.

GEORGE GOULD.

Bermondsey, England.

NOTED NAMES OF FICTION.



HE who much frequents a library sometimes lights upon strange matter. In a German periodical appears a "genealogy of the English kings beginning back with Adam." It is said to be found "in one of the Harleian manuscripts preserved in the British Museum." It consists, perhaps, of two hundred names, mostly unknown to history. Beginning with Adam, it runs parallel to Genesis a dozen steps, and when it quits that authority, takes up the series of Grecian gods. Saturn, Jupiter, Dardanius, bring us soon to Priam, Anchises, Æneas; and Brutus is not far off. The similarity of this name to that of Britain lands us soon in England, where we speedily find King Leir "and his daughters three." Many of these names appear in the chronicle of Robert of Gloucester, relied on as an authority for British history. The list stops short with the Norman Conquest, as having reached firm ground which everybody knows.

It must have happened to every reader of Shakespeare, Milton Tennyson, to wonder where they found the names made famous in their verse. If we open at *Cymbeline*, we find Cloten, Imogen, Guiderius, Arviragus. Are these names invented by the poet, or

adopted from old British history to give "local coloring"? They are all found in our manuscript, and in Robert of Gloucester. "Imogen" is the wife of Brutus; Guiderius and Arviragus, the sons of "Cembellinus." Milton mentions Loerine in *Comus*, when he would invoke "Sabrina fair," as—

Virgin, daughter of Loerine,
Sprung of old Anchises' line.

She stands, in Robert of Gloucester, in the fifth generation from Anchises, father of Æneas. He says "Locryn hadde a dozter, drowned in the Severn." The chief names in *Leir* are drawn from our authorities, slightly changed. Robert of Gloucester has "Rex Leir; Conorilla, filia Leir, nupta duci Albanie; Regan, nupta duci Cambrie; Cordelia, nupta regi Francie." Tennyson's "Elaine" is in Robert "Elayne," = Elene, filia Coelli, whom the Harleian identifies with "Cole, erl of Colcestre." In the childhood of the writer he heard a ballad beginning—

Old King Cole, he called for his bowl,
He called for his harpers three;
And every harper could harp well,
And a very fine harp had he.

Many, indeed, beside those already cited, are the authors who have borrowed names from the source we are considering. "Ferrex and Porrex" is the name of an old English play, and these names, joined as here, are found in the manuscript before us. So are Uther and Vortigern, and Hudibras beside. Scott found here names befitting the early period he illustrated in *Ivanhoe*. The father of his hero was "Cedric, the Saxon," whose name we recognize in "Cerdicius," Latin form for "Certyk." Gurth and Wamba we have not found; but, instead of them, Athelstan, and "Rowenia, Hengist's dozter." Cnuto, Swayn, Harold, and Hardienut come readily to our hand. Mimpriss is an English family name, and "Rex Mempricius," in the manuscript, and Mempris in Robert, correspond therewith.

It is not meant in what has been here said that either the Harleian manuscript or Robert of Gloucester were known to Shakespeare and his distinguished successors. No doubt they found the legends respect-

ing English kings in Holinshed and the other chroniclers; but the chroniclers just as certainly derived their knowledge from Robert of Gloucester and other monkish historians.

FREDERIC VINTON.

Library of College of New Jersey, Princeton.

THE PRONUNCIATION OF PROPER NAMES IN SHAKESPEARE.

"How shall the proper names in Shakespeare's Plays be pronounced?" is a question that often comes up in clubs and reading-circles when Shakespeare is being read aloud. The Secretary of the Stratford Club in Concord, N. H., in a recent letter laments the fact that "the pronunciation of the names of the *dramatis personæ* and of other proper names mentioned in the plays is marked in no edition of Shakespeare that [she has] ever seen." She continues:—

For example, shall the first syllable of Mowbray rhyme with cow or crow? Is Hereford to be pronounced Heerford or Heryford or Herford or Harford? Shall the French names, of which so many occur in the plays, be given after the native or the English fashion? We have but one invariable rule in our club, and that is in blank verse to let the metre take precedence of everything. When it comes to foreign names, each one pronounces after her own sweet will, though most of the members could give the foreign accents if required.

The whole question of pronunciation, particularly of proper names, is an interesting one, and I think in many cases an unsettled one. There are the dictionaries, to be sure, but of all things they need to be used with discretion. The pronunciation of proper names depends largely upon usage. The British usage is especially irregular and contrary to the spelling. Doubtless it often became established by the slovenly and corrupt pronunciation of the people, and I have sometimes wondered if it were right to compel educated Americans to pronounce unfamiliar, provincial names after a seemingly barbarous fashion, because the ignorant people of the locality, who perhaps could neither read nor write, called them in that manner hundreds of years ago.

Living in an old New England town, I am familiar with the pronunciation in the neighboring rural districts. Within my own remembrance I

have known of many changes in the pronunciation of names of persons and places, simply because as people became better educated and the names appeared in print, it seemed absurd to pronounce them in direct variance to their spelling, because the uneducated tongue found certain letters difficult to utter. If usage determines pronunciation, why cannot the present generation have some share in establishing it?

I should be glad to hear the opinions of other readers of Shakespeare on these matters, and hope there may be some discussion of right pronunciation in SHAKESPEARIANA.

The second volume of the "University Shakespeare," *King John*, edited by Mr. Benjamin Dawson, supplies, for that play, just what Miss Abbott desires, just what the "Rufus Adams Shakespeare Class" of Philadelphia has made inquiry for, and just what many another reading-club besides will be glad to know of—a statement of the pronunciation of names occurring in the play and regulated by the metre as follows:—

THE ACCENTUATION OF THOSE PROPER NOUNS ABOUT WHICH DOUBT MIGHT BE FELT.

LEWIS (II, i, 425), a *monosyllable*. (Cf. the *Salis* of "Salisbury"). In II, i, 149, there is evidently a misprint in the Folio's "King *Lewis*," there is no such person.

Dissyllables with the accent on the first syllable:—

ANGIERS (II, i, 17),	MILAN (III, i, 138),
ANJOU (II, i, 152),	POICTIERS (I, i, 11),
BRETAGNE (II, i, 156),	POMFRET (IV, ii, 148),
CALAIS (III. iii, 73),	TOURAIN (II, i 152).

(The final *s* was probably pronounced in French names.)

Dissyllables with the accent on the second syllable:—

MELUN (IV, iii, 15).

Trisyllables with the accent on the first syllable:—

LYMOGES (III, i, 114). SALISBURY (IV, iii, 81), as nowadays.

Trisyllables with the accent on the second syllable:—

CHATILLON (I, i, 1), riming with *cotillion*, *pavilion*, *vermilion*.

Either four syllables (I, i, 162) or three (I, i, 9); but always with the accent on the second syllable:—PLANTAGENET.

Who will add to this a list of the doubtful names in *Richard II*, and note the due accents?

Open Court.

That's a question; how shall we try it?

—*The Comedy of Errors*, V, 1, 421.

In this I'll be impartial; be you judge
Of your own cause.

—*Measure for Measure*, V, 1, 188.

A BACONIAN ARGUMENT AND PARALLEL.

IN *King Lear*, II, ii, 172, Kent, when he has been put in the stocks, among other moralizing, says—"Nothing almost sees miracles but misery." This is explained by one of the editors (Rev. C. E. Moberly) to mean "It is only when things are at their worst that Providence interposes with a miracle." I think there is a deeper meaning. Kent is reduced to the extreme of misery,—he is fixed in the stocks, and is likely to come to still greater misfortune. But, strangely enough, his spirits do not flag for an instant; sunshine is coming, and while the sun is not yet risen he reads Cordelia's letter by its uncertain light, and then he falls asleep. The miracle is in his own mind—he has conquered circumstances, and remains calm and cheerful amidst the greatest reverse of fortune.

To understand still more clearly what he means we may compare this passage with Bacon's *Essay of Adversity*, in which he says: "Certainly, if miracles be the command over nature, they appear most in adversity." Misery "sees miracles" because the command over nature, which is the essence of a miracle, finds its opportunity in misery or adversity. The interpretation of the passage in *Lear* seems to me to depend on a recognition of Bacon's philosophy both of miracles and of adversity. It is remarkable that this very curious and subtle sentiment in an essay which was not published till 1625 should be anticipated in *Lear*, which was published in 1608.

But there is a curious feature about this early expression of Bacon's idea. The 1608 Quarto has "Nothing almost sees *my wracke* but misery." This is obviously a misreading of the poet's words. A sort of sense may be forced into the words by supposing Kent to say, "My wreck of fortune is so great that I see nothing but misery"; but this is exactly what Kent does *not* see or say: he sees the "comfortable beams" of the sun, and so far forgets his misery as to go to sleep in the stocks. The explanation of the blunder, of putting *my wracke* for miracle will be ready,—the Quarto was taken in shorthand from the stage, and the reporter missed the word. It always seems to me extremely improbable that any such complete copy as even the most imperfect of the Quartos could originate this. My belief is that the poet dictated his poetry to an amanuensis—just as Bacon evidently did the essays which were found in the Northumberland House MS.—essays not in his writing, but in the writing of a clerk who ignored stops, capitals, accurate divisions of words, etc., just as an amanuensis would ignore them who did his work perfunctorily without any sympathy with the author's meaning. It is evidently quite conceivable that this may have been the origin of the curious substitution of *my wracke* for miracles in the play, and it is not easy to understand how the true reading could have been restored in the 1623 Folio, except by the poet himself.

R. M. THEOBALD.

HAMLET'S SEA OF TROUBLES.

IN Max Müller's *Science of Language* there is an interesting passage which seems to throw light on Hamlet's "sea of troubles"—*Hamlet*, III, i—and to hint that the disputed word is neither "*Sea*" nor "*Siege*."

On p. 72, Vol. I, Max Müller says:—

Juliana Berners, lady prioress of the nunnery of Sopwell in the fifteenth century, the reputed author of the book of St. Albans, informs us that we must not use names of multitudes promiscuously, but we are to say, "a

congregacyon of people, a hoost of men, a flyshyppynge of yomen, and a bevy of ladies: we must speak of a herde of hartys, swannys, cranyes, or wrennys, a *sege* of herons or bytours, a muster of pecockys, a *watche* of nyghtyngales, a flyghte of doues, a claterynge of choughes, a pryde of lyons, a slewthe of beevys, a gagle of geys, a skulke of foxes, a sculle of frerys, a pontifycalty of prelates, a bominable syght of monkes, and a superfluyte of nonnes," and so of other human and brute assemblages. In like manner, in dividing game for the table, the animals were not carved, but "a dexe was broken, a gose reryd, chekyen frusshed, a cony unlaced, a crane dysplayd, a curlewe unionynted, a quayle wynggyd, a swanne lyfte, a lambe sholderyd, a heron dysmembryd, a pecocke dysfygured, a samon chynyd, a hadoke sydyd, a sole loynyd, and a breme splayed."

Müller says there is a dialect of shepherds, of sportsmen, of soldiers, of farmers, and of literature.

Now, the literary language is not so careful as the dialect of a class nor so precise as the discrimination of this maiden prioress of the nunnery of Sopwell.

Literature, especially poetry, would not be as precise as a farmer in speaking of the young of animals, for instance. The *hamstring*, *cannon*, *pastern*, *coronet* rarely appear in the literature of the horse, but the stock raiser knows these terms and would be ashamed to use a general term.

We imagine Shakespeare, then, when his soul tossed with the fine phrensy of the madness of Hamlet's soliloquy, seizing the first general word that occurred to him of those current in his time, to satisfy his idea of a number of troubles, like many assailants attacking a man whose courage should rise to front the occasion and arm him with weapons to oppose and end his numerous enemies.

Run down the list of all the words given by Mistress Juliana Berners, and what could he have chosen more appropriate and vigorous than the word "*sege*"?

The word is evidently one of the many synonyms then in use to express a number, crowd, or gathering of things. It is a good and expressive English word previous to Shakespeare's time, and must have survived until his time, and perhaps later.

The word, *fere*, company, though Chaucer employs it, was doubtless out of common use two hundred and fifty years later, when the

elements composing the mixture of Chaucer's language had slowly clarified and much of its foreign sediment settled to the bottom of the cup. So Chaucer's *fele*, akin to the German "*viel*," much or many. *Sort* is a synonym of Chaucer for *crowd*, *multitude*, *gathering*: "consuming the *sort* of misty cloudes." Spenser has a "*Crew* of Knights." *Thick* or *press* is a word often used to express the meaning Shakespeare probably had in mind. It accords with battle and conflict. The author of *The Faerie Queen*, needing a rhyme for *attire*, uses *quire*, to mean a *crowd*.

Juliana Berners not having informed him what word to couple with such animals as dogs, he does not adopt here "slewthe of beeuës" or "skulke of foxes," but says, "a *sort* of hungry dogs."

The passion of Shakespeare's ear for likeness of sounds may have determined his quest for the right word in this soliloquy of the princely Dane, and so his mind may have glided from "slings and arrows," through "*siege*" to *sege*.

Who knows?

A distinguished philologist of Baltimore assures me that "*sege* is the olden spelling of the word" (*siege*). Let me suggest that here is a very pretty coincidence, which may be studied. This authority, for which we must all have great respect, says that he knows "of no laws of change by which" the Latin word "*seges*" could become Engl. *sege*. I had called attention to the fact that Virgil uses "*Seges*" to mean "a multitude." This is derived from Sanscrit "*Sasyo*," from "*Su*," "to sow." The Spanish *Segar* means to mow, to crop, to harvest. The German "*Sege*" means a "seine." Perhaps the genius of Max Müller might show us by what devious ways the English *sege* might have come from Sanscrit "*Su*" along some other winding descent, perhaps, than through the Latin *Sedeo*.

It is here modestly suggested that Shakespeare may have been aware of its use, spelled *sege*, expressive simply of the idea of multitude, and that its mere sound-resemblance to the word *siege* may have attracted his ear, and I leave to investigation whether the word is philologically the same word as *siege* under the dress of slightly altered spelling.

Montgomery, Ala.

CLIFFORD LANIER.

Shakespeare Societies.

Such a holy witch
That he enchants societies into him;
Half all men's hearts are his.

Cymbeline, I, vi, 166.

THE ROUND TABLE (Quincy, Ill.) sends the following programme of its past third and fourth years of Shakespeare Historical Study, under Mrs. A. B. McMahan's system:—

King John. Jan. 16: Class quotations. Paper, "England and the English from 1199-1216," Mrs. Govert. Conversation—Outline and Analysis of Play, Mrs. Sinnock.

Jan. 23: Class quotations. First Movement of the Drama, (external struggle.) The English Thread of the First Movement. Paper, "King John," Mrs. Nichols. English character studies. Paper, "Faulconbridge, Elinor," Mrs. Butterworth.

Jan. 30: Class quotations. Conversation—"Who were the Contemporaries of King John on the thrones of Europe? Paper, "What was the Condition and Power of France?" Mrs. Selleck. French character studies—The French Thread of the First Movement. Paper, "Constance and the Duke of Austria," Mrs. Willis.

Feb. 6: Class quotations. French character studies. Papers, "King Philip; and Lewis, the Dauphin," Miss Judy; "Pandulph, the Pope's Legate, and Blanche of Castile," Mrs. Hatch. Paper, "Angiers," Miss Langdon.

Feb. 13: Class quotations. Second Movement of the Drama (internal struggle). The English Thread of the Second Movement. English character studies. Papers, "Arthur, Hubert de Burgh, and Peter of Pomfret," Mrs. Hinrichsen.

Feb. 20: Class quotations. The French Thread of the Second Movement. Conversation—How does Constance endure the Cap-

tivity of her Son? Paper, "The Invasion of England by the French," Mrs. Core. Conversation—The Course of the English Nobles at this Period. Paper, "Magna Charta," Mrs. Cady. Conversation—Which is the most Attractive Character in the Play? Which the most Dramatic Scene? How long a Time does the Play Cover? Miss Rowland.

King Richard II. Feb. 27: Class quotations. Papers, "Connecting History, A.D. 1216-1377," Miss Bass; "Condition of England in the Fourteenth Century," Mrs. Gardner. Conversation—Noted Characters (class). Paper, "Wat Tyler's Rebellion," Mrs. Bowen.

Mar. 5: Class quotations. Conversation—Outline and Analysis of Play, Mrs. Sinnock. Papers, "King Richard II and Edmund Langley, Duke of York," Miss McCann.

Mar. 12: Character studies, John of Gaunt. Papers, "Henry Bolingbroke, Earl of Northumberland, and The Queen to Richard," Mrs. Sinnock.

1 and 2 *Henry IV.* Mar. 19: Class quotations. Paper, "England from 1399-1413," Miss Gatchell. Conversation—Who were the Contemporaries of Henry IV? What was the Condition of Scotland and Wales at this Period?

Mar. 26: Class quotations. Conversation—Outline and Analysis of Plays, Mrs. Christie. Character studies, Henry IV. Papers, "Sir Walter Blunt and Thomas Percy, Earl of Northumberland," Mrs. Castle; "Hotspur and Archibald, Earl of Douglas," Mrs. Helen Turner; "Owen Glendower and Falstaff," Mrs. Bonney.

Henry V. Oct. 1: Class quotations. Who were the Contemporaries of Henry V on the Thrones of Europe? Mrs. Christie. Papers, "The Political Situation," Mrs. Christie; "The Lollards," Miss Turner. Conversation—How does this Drama differ from the other in Structure? What was the object of the Choruses introduced before the acts? Miss Turner.

Oct. 8: Class quotations. King Henry V and the Duke of Gloucester, Miss Langdon. English character studies—The Dukes of Bedford and Exeter, Mrs. Gardner.

Oct. 15: Class quotations. The Earls of Westmoreland and Warwick, Mrs. Bert; Battle of Agincourt, Mrs. Hatch.

Oct. 22 : English comic group, character studies—Fluellen, Pistol, Miss Ada Turner; Harfleur, Miss Ada Turner. French group, character studies—Charles VI of France, Lewis the Dauphin, The Constable of France, Miss Judy.

Richard III. Feb. 7 : Class quotations. What is the Space of Time comprised in this Drama? Define the Drama, Define Tragedy, Is this Play a Tragedy? Mrs. Bowen; House of York, Mrs. Selleck; House of Lancaster, Miss Langdon; Bosworth Field, Mrs. Flack.

Feb. 14 : Class quotations. Give an Account of England from the Time of Henry VI to the Reign of Henry VII, Miss Woodruff. Character sketches. Earl of Richmond, King Richard III, Mrs. Castle; Hastings, Mrs. Willis; Buckingham, Mrs. Eaton.

Feb. 21 : Class quotations. Tower of London, Character Sketches, Duke of Clarence, Mrs. Comstock; Henry Tudor, Earl of Richmond, The Princess, Mrs. Bonney.

Feb. 28 : What Moral Lesson is Taught by this Collision of State and Family, Mrs. Govert. Character Sketches. Duchess of York, Margaret, Miss McCann; Lady Anne, Miss Brinton; Elizabeth, Miss Judy.

Henry VIII. May 7 : Class quotations. Topics for conversation—Who were the Contemporaries of Henry VIII on the Thrones of Europe? What was the Condition of Literature and Art? What was the Condition and Power of Spain? Mrs. E. H. Turner. Papers, "The Political Situation," Miss Turner; "The Origin and Establishment of the Episcopal Church," Mrs. Core.

Mar. 14 : Class quotations. From some noted Englishmen of the time of Henry VIII; What was the Noblest Thing done for Progress during his Reign? Miss Bass. Papers, "History of the Play: Does the Plot Adhere to the Actual Order of Events?" Mrs. Carter; "Character of Henry VIII," Mrs. Helen Turner.

Mar. 21 : Class quotations. Defects of the Play; What Portion is Shakespearian? What is the Moral Effect of the Play? Mrs. Wyckoff. Papers, "Cardinal Woolsey," Mrs. Cady; "Cranmer," Mrs. Bert.

Mar. 28 : Class quotations. Which is the most Dramatic Scene?

Papers, "Queen Catharine," Mrs. Castle; "Anne Boleyn," Mrs. Comstock.

This Club also undertook a special study of Francis Bacon, an outline of which it may prove of interest to give here:—

Oct. 29: Paper, "A sketch of Francis Bacon's life," Mrs. Emmons. Reading, A Review of Ignatius Donnelly's "A Key to a Cipher Narrative of Shakespeare's Plays," by Prof. Thomas Davidson, Mrs. Bonney. Class questions. What was Bacon's chief English work? What work of fiction did he write? What work did he write which stamps him as the profoundest reasoner of his age? What does this work explain? What method of reasoning was then in use? Give some of his apothegms.

Essays. Nov. 5: Of Truth, Miss Brinton; Of Death, Miss Woodruff; of Unity in Religion, Miss Langdon.

Nov. 12: Of Simulation and Dissimulation, Mrs. Nichols; Of Envy, Mrs. Flack; Of Great Place, Miss McCann.

Nov. 19: Of Goodness and Goodness of Nature, Mrs. H. Turner; Of Nobility, Mrs. Hinrichsen; Of Seditions and Troubles, Miss Turner.

Nov. 26: Of Atheism, Miss Rowland; Of Superstition, Mrs. Bowen; Of Travel, Miss Ada Turner.

Dec. 3: Of Innovations, Mrs. Govert; Of Friendship, Mrs. Wyckoff; Of Expense, Miss Judy.

Dec. 10: Of Regimen of Health, Mrs. Hinrichsen; Of Suspicion, Mrs. Castle; Of Discourse, Mrs. Selleck; Of Riches, Miss Brinton.

Dec. 17: Of Nature in Men, Mrs. Emmons; Of Studies, Mrs. Willis; Of Anger, Mrs. Hatch.

The Drama.

Betwixt mine eye and heart a league is took,
And each doth good turns now unto the other.
—Sonnet XLVII.

THE DALY "TAMING OF THE SHREW."—The first representation in England by the Daly Company of Shakespeare's *Taming of the Shrew* was given at the Gaiety Theatre on Tuesday evening the 29th May. The same company appeared in the same comedy at the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre on the 3d of August. If the American critics left anything unsaid in praise of both the acting and mounting of the play, the English critics have supplied it. The critic of the *Times* says of the Induction. "It is a quaint scene, and the only one in the entire range of Shakespearian drama where the costume of the poet's own day, and of Warwickshire to boot, can be displayed. It occupies but ten minutes or so in representation, and by a dexterous use of curtains leads us, without any pause in the action, from Sly's bed-chamber to the 'Square in Padua,' where the story of Katherine and Petruchio opens. The drunken tinker, who, amid his fictitious grandeur, persists in calling for a "pot o' the smallest ale," is a person of a merry humor, and it is with some regret that we see him at the close of the first act drop out of the action. But as the modern stage is managed it would probably have a distracting effect upon the house were Sly and his consort to sit throughout the play at what is known as the "prompt side," the spot whence in this production they view the earlier scenes. Shakespeare contemplated no such mingling of real and fictitious characters under the eye of the spectator, for in his time, as Mr. Daly reminds us, when a play was produced within a play a sham audience was accommodated in a gallery at the back of the stage, overlooking the actors' platform. As such an arrangement is, however, incompatible with modern con-

ditions as to scenery, there seems to be no reasonable means of retaining Sly now-a-days as a spectator of the comedy supposed to be given for her entertainment. Nor, indeed, is he long missed. The action of the play proper speedily absorbs the attention of the house, and if any stickler for form is disposed to wonder at the tinker's absence, he is free to conclude that that worthy has fallen asleep and been put to bed—a supposition sanctioned by Sly's tumbling off his chair in the first act, and by his sage remark with reference to the play, 'Tis a very excellent piece of work; would 'twere done.' So much for the difficulty of carrying the introduction to a logical conclusion. It is still open to the spectator to hold with Garrick that, in the circumstances, it is not worth while to introduce such a prelude at all."

The underplot of the play concerning the loves of Hortensio and Bianca, is found in England, as it was found in this country, fitted to throw into relief the relations of the stiff-necked heroine and her subjugator. "In the purely farcical version of the *Taming of the Shrew*, the importance of such relief appears to have been under-estimated. It is difficult otherwise to account for the greatly-increased interest which Mr. Daly and his company have been able to arouse in this play. Those who have known it only in the current acting form will be agreeably surprised at the wealth of dramatic material thus brought to light, and at the unsuspected force of Miss Rehan and Mr. Drew's embodiment of the leading characters. Admirable, indeed, is the performance of these accomplished comedians. Miss Rehan is a shrew of imposing and dignified mind, yet not without the suggestion of flaw in her woman's armor by virtue of a certain winsomeness of manner and a pride not far removed from coquetry. Mr. Drew, on the other hand, asserts his masculinity in every note and every gesture, overawing, not his victim but his prize, by sheer force of lung and muscle. Both play in the farcical key, rightly esteeming that to tone down their extravagant scenes in the modern manner would be to whittle them away to nothing. Mr. Drew wields his long whip with the dexterity of a cowboy. There is, in short, nothing of the namby-pamby in the performance; a policy of half-measures, even in the throwing about of the leg of mutton upon

which Katherine hopes to dine, would be disastrous, and much of Miss Rehan's and Mr. Drew's success is due to their appreciation of that truth. Miss Russell, Mr. Lewis, Mr. Fisher, Mr. Leclercq, and Mrs. Gilbert, all find places in the cast, which, indeed, taxes the strength of Mr. Daly's company. The play is mounted with perfect taste, and with at least as much archaeological correctness as an intelligent public requires. In the banqueting scene, upon which the curtain falls, a glee party sing 'Should he upbraid' to Bishop's well-known music. Archaeologists may be horrified at this defiance of their theories, but the effect is pretty, and, appropriate in the extreme."

"THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR" was performed by the Oxford University Dramatic Society on the 28th of May. Mr. A. Bourchier acting Falstaff with distinctive merit, and Mrs. Copleston playing Dame Quickly. The incidental music, conducted by Mr. Moncton was, in part, composed by Mr. Leslie Maynes, and in part made up of selections from Sir Arthur Sullivan's music to *The Merry Wives*.

NICOLAI'S "MERRY WIVES," the light but clever and pleasing operatic version of the play, first produced at Berlin forty years ago, was given at the Savoy Theatre, in London, July 11th, by pupils of the Royal College of Music.

HIGNARD'S HAMLET OPERA.—The new lyric opera of *Hamlet*, which appeared at Nantes, is an old work revived. The author, M. Aristide Hignard, is sixty-five years of age. He completed his score twenty-five years ago and published it twenty years since as a transcription for the piano and song. This transcription was preceded by a short explanation of an innovation in the method of the work to which the composer, a pupil of Halévy, attached great importance. This innovation was the intercalation in the singing of a species of melodic declamation, sustained by the orchestra, which would permit the musician to retain those "most beautiful and human" elements of the Shakespearian tragedy, necessarily sacrificed when this essen-

tially psychological drama is forced into the "world of other operas." As to its fitness with words and action, M. Hignard believed that the interpreters of the work easily would make the spoken language accord "with the rhythm of the instrumental phrase which animates it."

According to the critic of the *Revue d'Art Dramatique* this opera, at last brought out by Mr. Paravey, has succeeded, and is distinguished by an abundance of melodic ideas, and often by a happy inspiration. Mme. Vaillant Couturier played Ophelia.

The scenes especially notable were those on the Esplanade between Hamlet and his friends, the finale after the act of the comedians, and the funeral of Ophelia. The popular voice, however, seems to be committed to quite another kind of *pseudo* Shakespearian opera and after this long wait of a life-time gives to the patient composer negative recognition as a musician of studious talent, but unequal to the requirements of the present day.

"A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM" OUT OF DOORS.—The performance of *Midsummer-Night's Dream* on the lawn of the Masconomo House at Manchester-by-the-Sea, Mass., on the evening of July 30th, was as carefully artificial, in its way, as any in-doors setting of a play debarred the countenance of nature and the music of the surging sea. All but two of the trees and shrubs that figured witchingly upon the grass, in mingled moon-light and lime-light, had to be transplanted for this occasion only. The contrived greenery that was all the stage, the tiring tents flocking behind, the concealed orchestra of Mr. John J. Braham discoursing Mendelssohn behind a hemlock hedge, the sophisticated audience seated in camp-chairs, price \$5 or \$3, on a white canvas lawn, would seem as incongruous a spectacle to a Theseus or Hippolyta as the "tongue-tied simplicity" of good Peter Quince's players; and yet even Grecians might have relished so heartily merry a play as this cast made it:—

Theseus, Duke of Athens.....	Mr. Henry Aveling
Egeus, father to Hermia.....	Mr. Robert G. Wilson
Lysander, in love with Hermia.....	Mr. Eugene Moors
Demetrius, beloved of Helena.....	Mr. Charles B. Welles
Philstrate, master of the sports to Theseus.....	Mr. John T. Craven

Quince, the carpenter, also representing the prologue.....	Mr. H. V. Donnelly
Snug, the joiner, who represents also the lion.....	Mr. W. F. Owen
Bottom, the weaver, who likewise represents Thisbe.....	Mr. Nat C. Goodwin
Flute, the bellows mender, who also represents Pyramus.....	Mr. H. C. Barnabee
Snout, the tinker, representing the wall in the interlude.....	Mr. J. B. Booth
Starveling, the tailor, also representing in the interlude Moonshine.....	Mr. Charley Reed
Hippolyta, Queen of the Amazons, betrothed to Theseus.....	Miss Mattie Earle
Hermia.....	Miss Mittens Willet
Helena.....	Miss Genevieve Lytton
Oberon, King of the Fairies.....	Miss Louise Paullin
Titania, Queen of the Fairies.....	Miss Marie Jansen
A Fairy attending Titania.....	Miss Lillian Lee
Puck, a fairy attending on Oberon.....	Mamie Ryan
Cobweb.....	Annie Ryan
Mustard Seed.....	Tommy Gore
Moth.....	Maggie Gore
Peachblossom.....	Lizzie Gore

The Greek costumes were pretty, the players comely, their burlesquing tendencies not unfitted to the play and place, Bottom and Flute extravagant to a point almost finishedly artistic; and many an inadequate reading of lines by the less eminent members of the company was reinforced in its failure to the ear by the picturesqueness to the eye of their motion, appearance, and disappearance among the waving shadows of the night. The following prologue, written by Mr. W. T. W. Ball, was read effectively by Mrs. Agnes Booth Schœffel:—

"What, Mrs. Schœffel!" cried a lovely fair—
 The fresh'ning sea breeze toying with her hair,
 Health on her cheek and beauty in her eye,
 Her form all grace and queen-like majesty—
 "What, give another play upon the green,
 And in the cast your name not to be seen?
 Why, 'tis outrageous!" "Season for awhile
 Your admiration," said I, with a smile;
 "Though true it is no player's part I claim,
 Rest you assured 'I'll get there just the same!'"

And so, I come before you, gentles all,
And bid you welcome! Surely at my call
You'll not refuse your heartiest applause
To those who labor here in this good cause!

You friends, who read our Shakespeare's page aright,
And sit in judgment on us here to-night,
Well know the scene of our midsummer play
Is in a wood near Athens made to lay.
Old Athens, then; but, in these latter years,
The "modern Athens," peerless among peers,
Seeks out this wood, well fitting, as I ween,
Again to reproduce the mimic scene;
And you'll admit—I see it in each face—
That "'t is a marvellous convenient place."

What is our object? Still, as in the past,
To help the needy; round pain's bed to cast,
With tender hopes and sympathetic care,
All comforts that should have a lodgment there;
Succor the widow and the orphaned child
With open hands and ministrations mild;
And in life's journey to the world above
Twine white-robed Charity with arms of Love!

For this, to-night, your presence here is sought;
We barter pleasure for the aid you've brought.
Be it our aim to fill your hearts with gladness,
And by our "Dream" cause no mid-summer sadness,
I, "prologue like, your humble patience pray,
Gently to hear, kindly to judge, our play."

Miscellany.

To knit again

This scattered corn into one mutual sheaf.

—*Titus Andronicus*, V, 111, 70.

WHAT SHAKESPEARE KNEW ABOUT HORSES.—Shakespeare has been proved to have been a lawyer, a physician, a schoolmaster, a butcher, a farmer, a gardener, a soldier—so many different trades, in fact, that they disprove each other, and serve to teach us that his wonderful accuracy in detailed description was derived *not* from that close study which in so many various subjects would have demanded a dozen lifetimes.

If his abundant knowledge of technicalities is to be a guide to his early training he could as easily be proved to have been a sailor, or a gamekeeper, as any one of the various trades and professions allotted to him, and it is to illustrate my argument that I, taking a subject of which I know something (having had a good deal to do with horses), might now say "Shakespeare was not a lawyer or a doctor or a schoolmaster; no, the internal evidence of his plays and poems proves that the greater part of his life must have been spent as a horse dealer or veterinary surgeon, otherwise he could not possibly have acquired the knowledge of horses which is exhibited through all his works." At any rate, I can say that there is as strong internal evidence for this last suggestion as for any of the others.

First, then, we will turn to his poem, *Venus and Adonis*, where we find a description of what a horse should be—

Look, when a painter would surpass the life,
In limning out a well-proportion'd steed,
His art with nature's workmanship at strife,
As if the dead the living should exceed;
So did this horse excel a common one
In shape, in courage, colour, pace, and bone.

Round-hoof'd, short-jointed, fetlocks shag and long,
 Broad breast, full eye, small head, and nostril wide,
 High chest, short ears, straight legs and passing strong,
 Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttock, tender hide :
 Look, what a horse should have he did not lack,
 Save a proud rider on so proud a back.

Imperiously he leaps, he neighs, he bounds,
 And now his woven girths he breaks asunder,
 The bearing earth with his hard hoof he wounds,
 Whose hollow womb resounds like heaven's thunder ;
 The iron bit he crunches 'tween his teeth,
 Controlling what he was controlled with.

His ears up-prick'd, his braided hanging mane,
 Upon his compassed crest now stands on end :
 His nostrils drink the air, and forth again,
 As from a furnace vapours doth he send.

Then we get his paces—

Sometimes he trots, as if he told the steps,
 With gentle majesty and modest pride,
 Anon he rears upright, curvets and leaps,
 As who would say lo ! thus my strength is tried.

And further on—

Sometimes he scuds far off and there he stares,
 Anon he starts at stirring of a feather ;
 To bid the wind a base he now prepares,
 And whe'r he run or fly they know not whether,
 For through his mane and tail the high wind sings,
 Fanning the hairs who wave like feathered wings.

But it is not in this poem alone that a horse's action is described, as through all the plays its action and paces are constantly referred to, as in the chorus at the beginning of *Henry V*—

Think, when we talk of horses, that you see them
 Printing their proud hoofs i' the receiving earth.

Or, in *Troilus and Cressida*, I, iii, where he describes the
 Strong-ribbed bark through liquid mountains cut,
 Bounding between the two moist elements,
 Like Perseus' horse.

Shakespeare must have had many opportunities of riding and learning all about horses in his boyhood and youth. Doubtless, his father

kept more than one, and Will was sure to get a frequent mount, besides being often sent to the neighboring towns and villages on his father's hackney to pay or receive accounts or carry messages connected with his business.

Horseback was the only means of getting from one town to another, and heavy goods also were carried on pack horses, for there were few roads on which even a cart could travel. Those who had not horses of their own could hire them, and probably the sign that Benedick quoted, "Here is good horse to hire," was not an unfrequent one in the streets of Stratford. If there was such a sign in Henley street, it had, in the course of two hundred years, given place to another which might have been seen about the beginning of this century over the window of a certain old house in that thoroughfare, which announced

William Shakespeare was born in this house.

N. B.—A horse and taxed cart to let.

So in two hundred years the roads had been made passable for light carts, and the government had found in the carts a subject for taxation, and the owner of a particular light cart had found another source of income, by exhibiting his house to the travelling public who had by that time discovered—what before had been only known to literary and poetic students—that nature's greatest genius had been brought up in that old farm-house in Henley street.

Racing for stakes as carried on in our days seems to have played a very small part in the rural life of those times, and Shakespeare makes but few references to that sport. Imogen, indeed (*Cymbeline*, III, ii), says:—

I have heard of riding wagers
Where horses have been nimbler than the sands
That run i' the clock's behalf.

But racing which afterward grew to be such an important element in English social life was little thought of until betting became a science.

The speed of the horse is, of course, referred to, as is natural when it was frequently the subject of life and death interest in those days long before railways and telegraphs. What anxiety as to whether the

horse could hold out on his journey ! what riding to hear the news of victory or defeat in such a time as when (*2 Henry IV, I*),

Contention, like a horse,
Full of high feeding madly hath broke loose,
And bears down all before him.

Those were stirring times, when, after the battle of Shrewsbury, the Earl of Northumberland's friend "outrode" Travers, being better mounted, and brought the joyful but false news of the King's defeat.

Travers, on his slower steed, was again overtaken by a messenger of very different tidings, for—

After him came spurring hard
A gentleman almost forespent with speed ;
That stopped by me to breathe his bloodied horse.
He asked the way to Chester, and of him
I did demand what news from Shrewsbury ;
He told me that rebellion had bad luck,
And that young Harry Percy's spur was cold.
With that he gave his able horse the head
And, bending forward, struck his armed heels
Against the panting sides of his poor jade
Up to the rowel head : and starting so
He seemed in running to devour the way,
Staying no longer question.

But the poet used the horse's speed as an illustration of more peaceful scenes. It will suffice to take one example from the *Sonnets* :—

How heavy do I journey on the way,
When what I seek—my weary travel's end—
Doth teach that ease and that repose to say,
'Thus far the miles are measured from thy friend !'
The beast that bears me, tired with my woe,
Plods dully on, to bear that weight in me,
As if by some instinct the wretch did know
His rider loved not speed, being made from thee :
The bloody spur cannot provoke him on
Th it sometimes anger thrusts into his hide,
Which heavily he answers with a groan,
More sharp to me than spurring to his side ;
For that same groan doth put this in my mind ;
My grief lies onward, and my joy behind.

Shakespeare not only looked on a horse with the eye of a judge but, he entertained for him a feeling of affection which is exhibited through all the plays and poems. He constantly makes his characters refer in affectionate terms to their horses. I will particularly instance the Duphin in *Henry V*: III, vii.

But this is only one of the numerous instances in which the horse is referred to with expressions of the greatest admiration and regard, such as (*Mid.-Night's Dream*, III, i), "True as truest horse," and as true regard for an object is shown by the care taken for its comfort, he makes his characters give directions that their horses should be well cared for, as when Lafeu says (*All's Well*, IV, v)

Let my horses be well looked to, without any tricks.

He was up to ostler's tricks.

Or when the carrier in *Henry IV*: II, i, looks after the stuffing of the saddle, and his companion complains of the quality of the corn.

I pr'y thee, Tom, beat Cuts' saddle, put a few flocks in the point: the poor jade is wrung in the withers out of all cess.

Peas and beans are as dank here as a dog², and that is the next way to give poor jades the bots: this house is turned upside down since Robin, ostler, died.

Prince Hal considers it a characteristic of the gallant Hotspur that he should think of his horse before he can answer his wife's anxious inquiry. The Prince says (*Henry IV*: II, iv)—

I am not yet of Percy's mind, the Hotspur of the North; he that kills me some six or seven dozen of Scots at a breakfast, washes his hands, and says to his wife "Fie upon this quiet life! I want work." "Oh my sweet Harry," says she, "how many hast thou killed to-day?" "Give my roan horse a drench," says he: and answers "some fourteen" an hour after.

Shakespeare had observed and probably practised the management and breaking-in of horses. Thus he describes how horses should be broken (*Henry VIII*: V, ii):—

Those that tame wild horses
Pace them not in their hands to make them gentle,
But stop their mouths with stubborn bits, and spur them
Till they obey the manage.

And again he says in *Venus and Adonis*—

The colt that's backed and burdened being young
 Loseth his pride, and never waxeth strong.

I wish that breeders of horses would remember those lines: we should not have the country so overrun with unsound horses, whose various defects are generally brought on by overwork when only two or three years old.

He sums up the description of a gallant man by comparing him (*Henry IV*: IV, i) to

An angel dropped down from the skies
 To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,
 And witch the world with noble horsemanship.

And again Mark Antony (*Julius Cæsar*, IV, i) likens a tried and valiant soldier to his horse that

I teach to fight,
 To wind, to stop, to run directly on,
 His corporal motion governed by my spirit.

And in *Hamlet*, IV, vii, the King, saying that the French
 Can well on horseback,
 goes on to describe one of them, Lamond, a gentleman of Normandy,

He grew unto his seat,
 And to such wondrous doing brought his horse
 As he had been incorpsed and demi-natured
 With the brave beast.

He knew well there must be for perfect training an intimate sympathy between the horse and his rider, so that the one can instantly feel the intention of the other, even before it can be expressed by word or sign. He says (*Lovers' Complaint*)—

Well could he ride, and often men would say,
 "That horse his mettle from his rider takes;
 Proud of subjection, noble by the sway,
 What rounds, what bounds, what course, what stops he makes;"
 And controversy hence a question takes,
 Whether the horse by him became his deed,
 Or he his manage by the well-doing steed.

Shakespeare certainly knew more about the horse than many of his commentators, for in *Lear*, III, vi, when the Fool says

He's mad that trusts in a horse's *health*.

An eminent editor, in a note, remarks "we should read heels, as health has no meaning," and this so-called emendation has actually been adopted by several of the learned closet critics; whereas health has the best of meanings to one who knows anything about horses. The fool, of course, used health in the sense that we say soundness, and all those that have much to do with horses will bear feeling testimony to the truth and wisdom of his remark.

White horses are referred to several times, but I believe that black horses are only mentioned once, when Titus Andronicus tells Tamora to

Provide two proper palfries, black as jet,
To hale thy vengeful waggon swift away.

Shakespeare knew that the value of a horse was reduced by a white blaze or cloud upon his face (*Ant. and Cleo.* III, ii),

He has a cloud on his face;
He were the worse for that were he a horse.

Of course, we frequently find reference to the value of a horse as a gift, worthy of a prince to bestow or to receive, as in *Coriolanus*, I, ix, where the Roman general Cominius, after offering a tenth of all the horses taken in the field, bestows

My noble steed known to the camp
With all his trim belonging.

My opening quotation was an admirable description of what a horse should be. Shakespeare was equally felicitous in describing what he should not be. He concentrated every kind of unsoundness into a horse when Biondello says (*Taming of the Shrew*, III, ii,) that Petruccio is coming—

His horse hipped with an old mothy saddle and stirrups of no kindred: besides, possessed with the glanders, and like to mose in the chine: troubled with the lampass, infected with the fashions, full of wind-galls, sped with spavins, rayed with the yellows, past cure of the fives, stark spoiled with the staggers, begnawn with the bots: swayed in the back, and shoulder shotten; ne'er legged before, and with a half cheeked bit, and a headstall of sheep's leather, which being restrained to keep him from stumbling hath been often burst, and now repaired with knots: one girth six times pieced, and a woman's crupper of velure, which hath two etters for her name fairly set down with studs, and here and there pieced with pack thread.

In another scene in the same play he uses as a climax

As many diseases as two and fifty horses.

And yet there are clever commentators who think that when he speaks of a horse's health he must mean something else. I fancy that Shakespeare must have had some trouble in horse dealing just before he wrote *The Taming of the Shrew*—it has so many allusions to mis-haps connected with them. He often refers to horse stealing, a crime more common then, when the country was thinly populated, and when there were no rural police or pursuing telegraphs.

Bardolph in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, IV, v, was the victim of the treachery of three Germans, who, after staying a week with mine host of the Garter, hired his horses—Bardolph in charge riding behind one—when as soon as they came beyond Eton

They threw me off into a slough of mire, and set spurs, and away like three German devils, three Doctor Faustuses.

These Germans, it seems, had cheated all the landlords of Reading, Maidenhead, and Colebrook of their horses and money. They probably sold them in Smithfield, where Bardolph had before that time bought a horse for Falstaff.

The fat knight was very dependent upon his horses for locomotion. They were about the last things he could part with; and for this reason, the *Merry Wives*, in order to be revenged on him determined to

Lead him on with a fine baited delay, till he hath pawn'd his horses to mine host of the Garter.

They succeeded in their plan, as we learn from the last scene of the play.

As to the use Shakespeare makes of the horse in drawing similes, I will only cite two or three out of many I might take, as where Buckingham speaks of the ungoverned state of the country:—

Where every horse bears his commanding rein,
And may direct his course as please himself.

Or, as Norfolk says (*Henry VIII*: I, i),

To climb steep hills
Requires slow pace at first; anger is like
A full hot horse, who, being allowed his way,
Self mettle tires him.

And again in the same play, where Lord Sands, describing the tricks the English have learned in France, says (*Henry VIII*: I, iii),

They have all new legs and lame ones ; one would take it
That never saw their pace before, the spavin,
Or spring-halt reigned among them.

And we must not omit from the *Merchant of Venice*, II, vi,

Where is the horse that doth untread again
His tedious measures with the unbated fire
That he did pace them first.

Or, a fine example from *Julius Caesar*, IV, ii,

There are no tricks in plain and simple faith,
But hollow men, like horses hot in hand,
Make gallant show and promise of their mettle,
But when they should endure the bloody spurs
They fall their crests, and, like deceitful jades,
Sink in the trial.

I think I have now given enough illustrations to prove my case. I might go on till I would exclaim with Portia, "He doth nothing but talk of his horse." But I have really only taken some of the most striking out of hundreds, and I think that I have shown that if Shakespeare's knowledge of law or medicine was so great as to prove he must have been a lawyer or a doctor, the knowledge he had of horses, their good and bad points and characteristics, was quite sufficient to have qualified him for a certificate from the College of Veterinary Surgeons. But the fact is, it would be difficult for "Thy horse to con an oration," (*Troilus*, II, i) as for us to find any subject with which the great master mind was not familiar, and with the familiarity of one completely initiated rather than that of an amateur. And as it was impossible that the whole of his younger life could have been devoted to all of the professions and trades to which it has been claimed that he has served an apprenticeship, may we not rather conclude that his works are the outcome of a mind ever observant and enquiring—never forgetting or despising even "unconsidered trifles" and capable of retaining, digesting, arranging, and reproducing every incident presented to his senses?

This paper, though by no means exhaustive of its subject, may serve to show how much there is in Shakespeare's writings to assist and lead one on in other studies.

Any of you who may be inclined to work out what Shakespeare has written upon any subject, no matter what, in which you may take a special interest, will say with me that his observations are made pleasanter, and even easier by poetic associations.

Now, I conclude with the hope that you will not vote me "As tedious as a tired horse." (*Henry IV: III, i*).—*Abridged from C. E. FLOWER'S "Shakespeare on Horseback."*

QUEEN ELIZABETH'S LAST WORDS.—" 'A million of money'—surely this was never the sentence! 'A thousand acres of land for an inch of time' is the form I have seen. But no authority has accompanied the utterance. It is the touch of imagination keeps such things alive. I have always thought that when Gonzalo, in *The Tempest*, says, 'Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground,' he was supplying an inferior reading to this Elizabethan saw." Thus writes Mr. C. A. Ward to *Notes and Queries*, in response to an inquiry as to the historical warrant for the reputed dying words of Queen Elizabeth.

PILGRIMS TO SHAKESPEARE'S SHRINE.—Of the sixteen thousand five hundred persons who have visited Shakespeare's birthplace during the past year, five thousand were Americans, thirty-nine nationalities being represented in all. The amount derived from visitors' fees is about six thousand dollars a year.

THE SHAKESPEARE HEROINE PICTURES AGAIN.—Sir Frederick Leighton's Desdemona in *The London Graphic's* Brook St. Gallery, is presented as a fair, thoughtful girl, anxiously leaning her chin upon her hand. She wears a green bodice, a white underskirt, and a tiny green cap on her shapely head. This bit of vernal color gives a unique character to the picture, the main charm of which lies in its softness and poetry.

Mrs. Alma Tadema's "Katherine of France" is standing shyly, yet merrily, looking toward a distant portière, awaiting, doubtless,

the return of her blunt, brusque suitor. It is a typical French face, slender of outline and most graceful in head poise. The main beauty of the picture consists in the liquid depths of the luminous looking eyes. They tell a tender tale, those dark French eyes.

Alma Tadema's "Portia, wife of Brutus," a dark, tall woman, stands on a balcony, her head in profile. She looks down with an expression of intense anxiety on her face. Her contemplation is of the senators whose heads are seen below. Tadema has intended in this picture to give an elaborate theme in a nutshell, as it were. This theme is the freeing of Rome after Cæsar's murder. Portia is moved deeply, not for Cæsar, but for Brutus, her lord, and for Rome with Brutus. The crowd of Romans beneath the balcony are studies, each and every one.

As *motif* for the Portia of the *Merchant of Venice*, Mr. Henry Woods has taken the line, "Tarry, Jew, the law hath yet another hold on you." Portia is in her doctor's cap and gown of crimson. It would have been a pardonable temptation to have yielded to, had the artist shown in this work a suggestion of any one of London's leading actresses, famous in the delineation of this world-famous creation. But he has not done so. His art is broader. He has conceived and executed an ideal Portia, before which one lingers long and earnestly. It is the young feminine lawyer of our imagination. She stands in a balcony adjoining the doge's palace reading a document she carefully holds. In the background spreads the beautiful poetic city of Venice. Mr. Woods has lived and studied many years in Venice. He knows every step of the way. He is fairly steeped in the colors and in the gladness of that land of poetry and music and tradition. Thus it all takes on tremendous realism from his skilful touch. His "Portia" is picturesque, beautiful, erudite.

"Jessica," by Mr. Luke Fildes, is a very dark, very beautiful young Jewess, who leans from her window, presumably whispering words of fond love to Lorenzo. The best traits of her race are seen in the face. Yet it is a rather weak face, after all; a face woefully lacking in grandeur of attributes. There is nothing in Jessica of that firm, noble womanhood seen in Portia. But the face is a very fasci-

nating one, after all. Her garments are surpassing fine. The broderies are white and gold, and marvels of needlework.

Mr. Edwin Long's Katherine of the *Taming of the Shrew* is most tame and characterless, and must needs be labeled "The Shrew." He has given her red hair, an execrable form, and a posture much out of drawing.

Herbert Schmalz's "Imogen," Goodall's "Miranda," and Frank Topham's "Isabella," are each meritorious. One wishes the latter had given us the "Ophelia" he did of Mary Eastlake some three years ago, which was not hung at the Royal Academy for reasons which were never satisfactorily explained. Marcus Stone paints "Ophelia" with a subtle fascination. Nothing better describes his art than to say of it that it seems ever to take on for one a distinct and tender personality. As his "Ophelia" seems to speak the line, "I would give you some violets, but they withered all when my father died," you see the little pucker in her lips as though she were about to cry, you half hear the pathetic sigh with which she ends her scene. Topham gave Miss Eastlake's "Ophelia" as the Ophelia of melodrama, large-eyed, startled, thrilling. Marcus Stone shows an "Ophelia" broken by the storms of life, bent like a reed, shaken in the winds of adversity.